

Good Morning 691

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Toasts were drunk for E.R.A. Hugh Gibson

ANY "gash" buttons or badges, E.R.A. Hugh Gibson? That's what we were requested to ask you from Betty's young nephew, Sidney. He was at her house when "Good Morning" called.

The whole family at 32 Farm Street, Barrow-in-Furness, is very well. Mum, Dad, Dinah, Syd, Mat and Win all went down to the Devonshire to celebrate on VE-Day, and drank your health a hundredfold—well, not quite that, but you know what they meant.

Anyway, as a result, Dad didn't want his dinner the next day—for the first time in forty years...

Betty spent her VE-Day in a vastly different way. She went down to the Rink... "Tell him I'd far rather go down to the Albert or the Y.M.—he'll know what I mean."

Over a very enjoyable cup of Mrs. Watts' "special" tea, we learnt that Betty is going up to see your folks this summer in Glasgow, and is looking forward to it very much indeed.

Your friends from the Labour Club and from Green-gate all wish you well and hope to see you shortly.

BEACON LIGHT

NOBODY would grumble or think it cheek if the people of Dover erected a memorial to themselves. "Hell-Fire Corner" gave a magnificent display of heroism and guts in the worst days of the war.

But the people of Dover aren't so much concerned with their own bit of work and suffering; they think of the boys who licked the bandits in the air over the old port.

The hospital they are planning to build in place of the old Dover Hospital that fell beneath the enemy's attacks will be dedicated to those lads who died like heroes, facing tremendous odds.

On an archway in the new building will be graven the names of those airmen, and as a perpetual remembrance of their self-sacrifice and fame, a beacon will shine into the skies overhead from a special tower.

Finally, Betty, who has a new pink dress on for the occasion (and, incidentally, she is saving it for when you come home again) has her say with the last word: "Good luck and God bless, darling! I'm longing to see you again soon."

MR. J. C. BEE-MASON, well known by submarine crews, has been in some queer places in his life, but even he was surprised to be told that his photograph had been pinned up in a submarine alongside one of Myrna Loy.

The man who told him should know. He was Lieut.-Commander M. R. G. Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C. and bar, R.N., and it was at the Annual General Meeting of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association at the Railway Hotel, Brighton, that it came out.

Lieut.-Commander Wingfield was down there as a submarine captain, to thank the Association, and Mr. Bee-Mason in particular, for all they have done for the Submarine Service.

"In the course of the last four years," he told the Association, "I have eaten a lot of your honey, the first time I had any being when I was in Russian waters. Here the honey was doubly welcome, for the atmosphere was so cold that the spray froze on the bridge and we had to dive to thaw it to prevent the submarine becoming top heavy."

"Sports are not played much by the men on board," he went on. "Books are always welcome, but I think that it is no libel on submarine crews to say that their chief interest is food. Your honey is one of the really valuable amenities of life."

"We submarine crews do thank you most sincerely for the work you have done for us,

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide Or Would You Rather be a Film Showman?

A BABY of this era is the film industry, and the bairn is still weaning—that means you can still get in on the bottom floor.

Film making, film distribution and film showing will offer the most openings for the newcomer. There are other fields, of course, such as publicity and script writing, but these three departments offer the greatest scope to the greatest number of applicants.

FILMS, second only perhaps spring up like Nissen huts, and to cotton, which I will deal they will need staff. Staff of with in the near future, will all kinds—camera operators, be backed to the hilt by the cleaners, commissionaires, Government and the big-money managers and boilermen.

If our film industry is to thrive, or even exist, it will be vital that our celluloid crosses the Big Pond, and to ensure this Mr. Rank has sunk his four millions in Independent Film Productions, and Sammy Goldwyn has got together with Sir Alec Korda to ensure that M.G.M. (British) provides some healthy opposition.

So there you have the set-up. Bags of money, good men at the top, and thousands of films to be made and shown.

And what is that to you? It means jobs—thousands of jobs for good men—electricians, wiremen, Diesel motor-men, artists, make-up men, scene-shifters, doormen, writers, camera crews, carpenters, and, of course, actors.

A commandeered studio will be reopening soon after the war. Negotiations are in hand that might result in a great number of the five thousand new employees coming from submarines. More about that later, if you show any interest. For the moment I will start the other end.

Film showmanship. Sites throughout the country have been bought by the fast-moving syndicate and given them the opportunity to advance to the higher

executive grades in the Corporation.

The plans have been formulated by Messrs. Max Milder and Eric Lightfoot, Joint Managing Directors of Associated British Cinemas, Ltd., who first broached the idea to the Secretaries of State for the various Services. They gave unqualified approval, and referred the scheme to the Ministry of Labour to be put into effect.

In a statement on behalf of the Board, Mr. Milder says: "Motion pictures have constituted 90 per cent. and more of the public's entertainment during the last five years. In hundreds of towns the cinema's lead in relief drives, war savings campaigns and every form of national effort has made it an important factor in community life, and given the managerial personnel a definite civic responsibility."

"In this wider capacity we believe the public now and after the war will welcome men who have actively served their country. Thousands of our employees will return to the Forces; but to supplement them we want to make opportunities for young newcomers whose Service records indicate executive qualities."

"Cinema management need be only the first step for them. Practically every high position in the motion-picture industry is held by men who served their apprenticeship in the cinema itself, learning the principles of screen entertainment at first hand."

"Most of them entered the business after the last war, and had to progress by hard experience."

"For its future development the Corporation is taking the long view, and proposes to give graduates from the Services now the training that will equip them for to-morrow's important posts in the exhibiting field."

Details have been worked out by Labour Ministry officials and A.B.C. executives. Regardless of rank when they become due for discharge from the Forces, men between the ages of 21 and 31 will be eligible for preliminary examination by vocational officers at the Ministry, who will direct the most suitable candidates to the A.B.C. School. Courses will start as soon as the first group of twenty trainees has been selected.

After four weeks of theoretical study and lectures by the principal operating executives of the Circuit, they will begin practical work at cinemas which offer the most up-to-date facilities and under specially selected managers.

The curriculum includes theatre book-keeping and ac-

USELESS EUSTACE



"'Ere y'are, sir. Try this for size!"

THIS MAKES SWEET READING (It's all about your Honey, Sailor)

MR. J. C. BEE-MASON, well known by submarine crews, has been in some queer places in his life, but even he was surprised to be told that his photograph had been pinned up in a submarine alongside one of Myrna Loy.

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"We submarine crews do thank you most sincerely for the work you have done for us,

especially Mr. Bee-Mason, whose name is known in every submarine."

Before this, Mr. Bee-Mason had outlined his plans for helping any submariner who wished to take up bee-keeping when he returns to civilian life.

He intended, he said, to give lectures to raise as much money as possible in order to supply a hive, bees and all the necessary accessories to each man coming out of the Service.

He has already sent out via the Office of Admiral (Submarines), a supply of booklets on bee-keeping, and these would be followed by books of a more comprehensive nature to anyone wanting them.

He added that his greatest wish was to meet men of the Submarine Service as fellow bee-keepers, and he was confident that this meeting wouldn't be long delayed.

Some days after this meeting at Brighton, Mr. Bee-Mason went to Broadcasting House to talk about honey and submarines in the "Britain To-day" feature. This is what he said:—

In the spring of 1940, at the Annual Meeting of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association I suggested that Sussex beekeepers should send some honey to the Submarine crews. This was agreed to, and that summer 800lbs. of honey were sent.

Little did I think that the seed then planted in Sussex would grow into a big tree,

with branches spreading all over the world.

By 1943 other Associations in England and Scotland had followed our example, and the submariners received 5 tons 2 cwt. of honey from the United Kingdom. The bee-keepers in the Dominions have given most generously.

Even little Barbados sent one ton, and I have just received a letter from Jamaica saying: "With pleasurable pride we beg to assure you that your appeal for gifts of honey for the Submarine Service will meet a response from bee-keepers, of which loyal Jamaica shall be proud."

I am frequently asked why submariners should have all this honey in preference to other seafarers. Here are the reasons: when submerged the men cannot smoke, and they crave for something sweet. Honey is better than sweets. It has a high food value, and is a gentle laxative and purifier of the blood. In a letter I received from a Submarine Officer acknowledging receipt of a consignment of honey, he says: "As you may know, diet in a submarine is restricted, and the honey will be a most nutritious and welcome addition."

From the writings of investigators we glean: "Honey eaten is rapidly assimilated, and supplies glycogen, to be stored in the liver against fatigue and exhaustion, and because of its restorative properties, is the best sweet for those who explore the depths of the seas." Obvi-

ously this refers to deep-sea divers, but is also applicable to submariners!

I have advised the crews when on the surface on a cold night to drink honey-water. To make it, put a dessertspoonful of honey in a cup, fill up with hot water, stir, and drink whilst hot. It is the finest cocktail you can have.

I had proof of this when I went through the "Green Hell" of Bolivia. We had been there three days without water; arriving at a small Indian village, I had just sufficient strength to sling my hammock and crawl in. Then a little Indian girl brought me a calabash containing a mixture of honey and water. I shall never forget how quickly I revived after drinking it.

Except when away on Expeditions, I have during the last 30 years eaten an average of 1 cwt. of honey a year, and I feel certain it has helped me to stand up to hardships and privations.

When with the British Arctic Expedition to Franz Josef Land I slept on ice 80 feet thick, and during a terrible gale off Spitzbergen, whilst my shipmates were making frantic efforts to keep the ship from sinking I was lashed to the wheel for three hours, and no one heard me complain of feeling tired or cold.

But there is one thing about honey that has annoyed me for years. Whenever I drop a slice of bread and honey on the carpet, it always falls honey-side down.

countancy, advertising and publicity, technical supervision, the science of acoustics, visual and tonal reproduction, stage presentations, public relations, staff control and organisation, etc.

Trainees will then be appointed assistant managers, moving over the circuit to gain experience in city, suburban and provincial cinemas, until they emerge as fully qualified managers.

Subsistence allowances will be paid during the four weeks of theoretical training, and from the time they start practical theatre work they will be paid at standard cinema rates according to the positions they hold. In addition, they will be covered by the non-contributory pension fund which embraces all A.B.C. management personnel.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE SNOWSTORM

Because you may be in a warm corner, we are giving you a bit of fiction from cold storage. Russian writers generally create sob stuff, but Pushkin didn't always, and even if you shiver it will do you good to read

By Alexander Pushkin

TOWARDS the end of the year 1811, a memorable period for Russians, the good Gavril Gavrilovich R— was living on his domain of Nenaradova. He was celebrated throughout the district for his hospitality and kind-heartedness.

The neighbours were constantly visiting him: some to eat and drink; some to play at five-copek "Boston" with his wife, Praskovia Petrovna; and some to look at their daughter, Maria Gavrilovna, a pale, slender girl of seventeen.

She was considered a wealthy match, and many desired her for themselves or for their sons.

Maria Gavrilovna had been brought up on French novels,

and consequently was in love. The object of her choice was a poor sub-lieutenant in the army, who was then on leave of absence in his village.

It need scarcely be mentioned that the young man returned her passion with equal ardour, and that the parents of his beloved one observing their mutual inclination, forbade their daughter to think of him, and received him worse than a discharged assessor.

Our lovers corresponded with one another and daily saw each other alone in the little pine wood or near the old chapel. There they exchanged vows of eternal love, lamented their cruel fate, and formed various plans. Corresponding and conversing in this way, they arrived quite naturally at the following conclusion:—

"If we cannot exist without each other, and the will of hard-hearted parents stands in the way of our happiness, why cannot we do without them?"

Needless to mention, this happy idea originated in the mind of the young man, and that it was very congenial to the romantic imagination of Maria Gavrilovna.

The winter came and put a stop to their meetings, but their correspondence became all the more active. Vladimir Nikolaevitch in every letter implored her to give herself up to him, to get married secretly, to hide for some time, and then throw themselves at the feet of their parents, who would, without any doubt, be touched at last by the heroic constancy and unhappiness of the lovers, and would infallibly say to them, "Children, come to our arms!"

Maria Gavrilovna hesitated for a long time, and several plans for a flight were rejected. At last she consented: on the appointed day she was not to take supper, but was to retire to her room under the pretext of a headache.

Her maid was in the plot; they were both to go into the garden by the back stairs, and behind the garden they would find ready a sledge, into which they were to get, and then drive straight to the church

of Jadrino, a village about five versts from Nenaradova, where Vladimir would be waiting for them.

On the eve of the decisive day, Maria Gavrilovna did not sleep the whole night; she packed and tied up her linen and other articles of apparel, wrote a long letter to a sentimental young lady, a friend of hers, and another to her parents.

She took leave of them in the most touching terms, urged the invincible strength of passion as an excuse for the step she was taking, and wound up with the assurance that she should consider it the happiest moment of her life when she should be allowed to throw herself at the feet of her dear parents.

After having sealed both letters with a Toula seal, upon which were engraved two flaming hearts with a suitable inscription, she threw herself upon her bed just before day-break and dozed off; but even then she was constantly being awakened by terrible dreams.

First it seemed to her that at the very moment when she seated herself in the sledge, in order to go and get married, her father stopped her, dragged her over the snow with fearful rapidity, and threw her into a dark bottomless abyss, down which she fell headlong with an indescribable sinking of the heart.

Then she saw Vladimir

lying on the grass, pale and bloodstained. With his dying breath he implored her in a piercing voice to make haste and marry him. . . .

Other fantastic and senseless visions floated before her one after another. At last she arose, paler than usual, and with an unfeigned headache.

Her father and mother observed her uneasiness; their tender solicitude and incessant inquiries, "What is the matter with you, Masha?" "Are you ill?" cut her to the heart. She tried to reassure them and to appear cheerful, but in vain. The evening came. Supper

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. How many sheets of paper are there in one ream?
2. What is the length of the St. Leger racecourse?
3. What thickness of ice will support a man?
4. How far can you see from a height of 25 feet?

5. Which is more digestible, mutton or turkey?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tin, Lead, Brass, Copper, Iron, Zinc.

Answers to Quiz in No. 690

1. (a) 2,023.23 yards, (b) 2,026.6 yards.
2. Saltpetre (or Nitre).
3. Five miles.
4. Goose.
5. 1½ miles.
6. Screw is threaded; others aren't.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

"EVERYTHING happens to me" is a common enough saying, but nearly everything did happen to the Folkestone fishing boat "Foam" on a recent voyage.

Before the boat could leave Folkestone Harbour, a fire had to be extinguished below decks. On the way to the fishing grounds at Rye Bay, first a porpoise and then a sunken wreck fouled the trawl, which was almost totally wrecked, and on the way back to the harbour the 38-year-old engineer, Cecil Brickell, was knocked overboard by a swinging sail and drowned.

Opportunity, they say, only knocks once, but it would appear that misfortune comes more often.



WAR savers have a journal devoted to savings certificates, while unusual religious sects in this country, such as Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Jehovah's Witnesses can also voice their opinions through their own printed sheets.

How many friends have heard of "The Anti-Slavery Reporter" and "Aborigines' Friend"? And few know that children evacuated to America have kept in touch with their Motherland through the "Seagull Post." Strange as it seems, a journal entitled "Aquarius" is not intended for astrology fans, but is the staff journal of the Metropolitan Water Board!



TWO submariners, home after eighteen months in the Far East, walked into the first pub they came to and asked the barmaid to fill two of the largest glasses she had. The girl duly found two half-gallon tankards, which she filled. These were promptly emptied without a second being wasted, and the glasses were upturned. "Not bad," remarked one sailor, turning to his companion. "Shall we have some?"

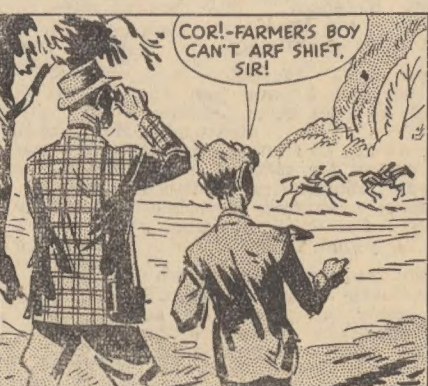
I can't vouch for this story, but it comes, as they say, from a reliable source!

The airman was relating his experience. "Unfortunately, I had to bale out," he said. "Fortunately, there was a haystack underneath. Unfortunately, there was a pitchfork in the hay. Fortunately, I missed the pitchfork, but unfortunately I missed the hay."

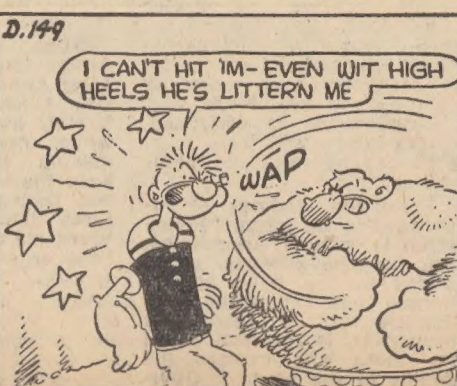
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 630

- 1. Behead a rod and get credit.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Ook-atmyoveyiaciesandavender!
- 3. What common word has RESHM for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I — you to meet me in the shade of those — to-night.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 629

- 1. C-hum.
- 2. Polly picks pale pink poppies.
- 3. LiQUid.
- 4. Bedroom, boredom.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE SNOWSTORM

(Continued from Page 2)

was served; her heart began to beat violently. In a trembling voice she declared that she did not want any supper, and then took leave of her father and mother. They kissed her and blessed her as usual, and she could hardly restrain herself from weeping.

On reaching her own room, she threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. Her maid urged her to be calm and to take courage. Everything was ready. In half an hour Masha would leave for ever her parents' house, her room, and her peaceful girlish life.

Soon all was quiet in the house; everyone was asleep. Masha wrapped herself in a

shawl, put on a warm cloak, took her small box in her hand, and went down the back staircase. Her maid followed her with two bundles. With difficulty they reached the end of the garden. In the road a sledge awaited them. The horses, half-frozen with the cold, would not keep still; Vladimir's coachman was walking up and down in front of them, trying to restrain their impatience. He helped the young lady and her maid into the sledge, placed the box and the bundles in the vehicle, seized the reins, and the horses dashed off.

Vladimir had spent the whole of the day in driving about. In the morning he paid a visit to the priest of Jadrina, and having come to an agreement with him after a great deal of difficulty, he then set out to seek for witnesses among the neighbouring landowners.

The first to whom he pre-

sented himself, a retired cornet of about forty years of age, and whose name was Dravin, consented with pleasure.

The adventure, he declared, reminded him of his young days and his pranks in the Hussars. He persuaded Vladimir to stay to dinner with him, and assured him that he would have no difficulty in finding the other two witnesses. And, indeed, immediately after dinner, appeared the surveyor Schmidt, with moustache and spurs, and the son of the captain of police, a lad of sixteen years of age, who had recently entered the Uhlans. They not only accepted Vladimir's proposal, but even vowed that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for him.

Vladimir embraced them with rapture and returned home to get everything ready.

It had been dark for some time. He ordered for himself the small sledge with one horse, and set out alone, without any coachman, for Jadrina,

where Maria Gavrilovna ought to arrive in about a couple of hours. He knew the road well, and the journey would only occupy about twenty minutes altogether.

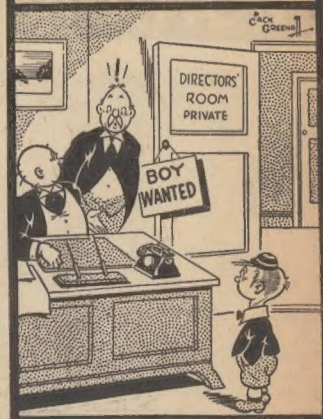
But scarcely had Vladimir issued from the paddock into the open field when the wind rose and such a snowstorm came on that he could see nothing.

In one minute the road was completely hidden; all surrounding objects disappeared in a thick yellow fog, through which fell the white flakes of snow; earth and sky became confounded.

Vladimir found himself in the middle of the field, and tried in vain to find the road again. His horse went on at random, and at every moment kept either stepping into a snowdrift or stumbling into a hole, so that the sledge was constantly being overturned.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"I wish you'd keep in closer touch with things, Pettifer! We don't ask 'em for a testimonial these days! We show 'em ours!"

VERY HOT AIR

BOEING B-29 Superfortresses, the Tokyo Busters, have the heaviest machine-gun armament for a single gun turret yet devised, four 0.50 in. machine-guns. New photo reconnaissance version of the B-29, is designated F-13, and has more cameras aboard than any plane flying. Up to April 6th, 1945, 6,981 Superfortresses have been completed. They're the most potent Jap exterminators yet.

MILES Aircraft Ltd., successor to Phillips and Powis, are entering the Transport and Freighter aircraft business. Famous for their Trainer and Communications planes, Miles have now designed the M.56 airliner, in the same class as America's Douglas DC-3.

The M.60, which promises to be one of the best airliners of the world's post-war airways. It accommodates 14 passengers, with range of 1,000 miles, and has a pressurised cabin. Miles may soon be as famous for their airliners as they now are for their Trainer planes.

TWO highly important news items—The Hawker Tornado (little known predecessor of the Typhoon) has been experimentally fitted with a six-bladed contra-rotating prop. The Texas Company of U.S.A. is producing fuels, superior to any now in use, for U.S.A.A.F. reaction propelled (jet) fighters.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SHABBY	PATH
TOLL	AMELIA
APSE	PARENT
PEONY	BUCK
L	DOVES
EBB	K LACED
LIVEN	LIDO
REGALIA	V P
OATS	CUBIST
BROTHER	CUE
SSE	PRaised

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10		11	12	
13					14		
	15			16			
17			18			19	20
		21			22		
23	24	25		26		27	28
	29	30			31		
32				33			34
35				36			
37				38		39	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Tree, 4 Tune, 6 Speck, 9 Threshing implement, 11 Girl's name, 13 Wind instrument, 14 Vehicle, 15 Mineral, 16 Street arab, 17 Any fish, 19 Drink, 21 Scotchman, 23 Lump of stuffing, 26 Determination, 29 Undergo repair, 31 Proper, 32 Bird, 33 Fruit, 35 Statue, 36 Swarming, 37 Equal footing, 38 Boy's name, 39 Study.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Away, 2 Permit, 3 New Zealand tree, 4 Drink, 5 Recompenses, 6 Figure, 7 Fresh air, 8 Bronze, 10 Details, 12 Thrash, 16 Kind of civet, 17 Observed, 18 Sailor, 20 Space of time, 22 Warble, 24 Scent, 25 Prelude, 27 Glaring, 28 Vigour, 30 Fruit, 32 Tear, 33 Laurel, 34 Eastern money.

Good Morning



WOODMAN DON'T SPARE THAT TREE.— The chap with the axe is telling them that, after he had a Guinness, he used to cut 'em down just like match-sticks, with one swipe. And they don't believe him, nor do we.



We began to blush soon as we saw this. It's Larry Parks showing Betty Garrett (film bride) where her arm goes in the new dress. As if she didn't know.



These three came out of "Night in Paradise" to lie down and show what they have in paradise. They are (left to right) Kerry Vaughan, Daun Kennedy, Karen Randle. Now you know what's waiting you, up aloft.



★It looks almost as tangled a job as Betty Garrett's, but this one knows her way about. For she went to Ascot like this, and the horses went past the winning-post like a flash.



They do this every morning before breakfast in the Highlands. They call it throwing the hammer, and he's deciding which cloud he'll hit, the braw lad.